DON BLUTH'S TOON TALK

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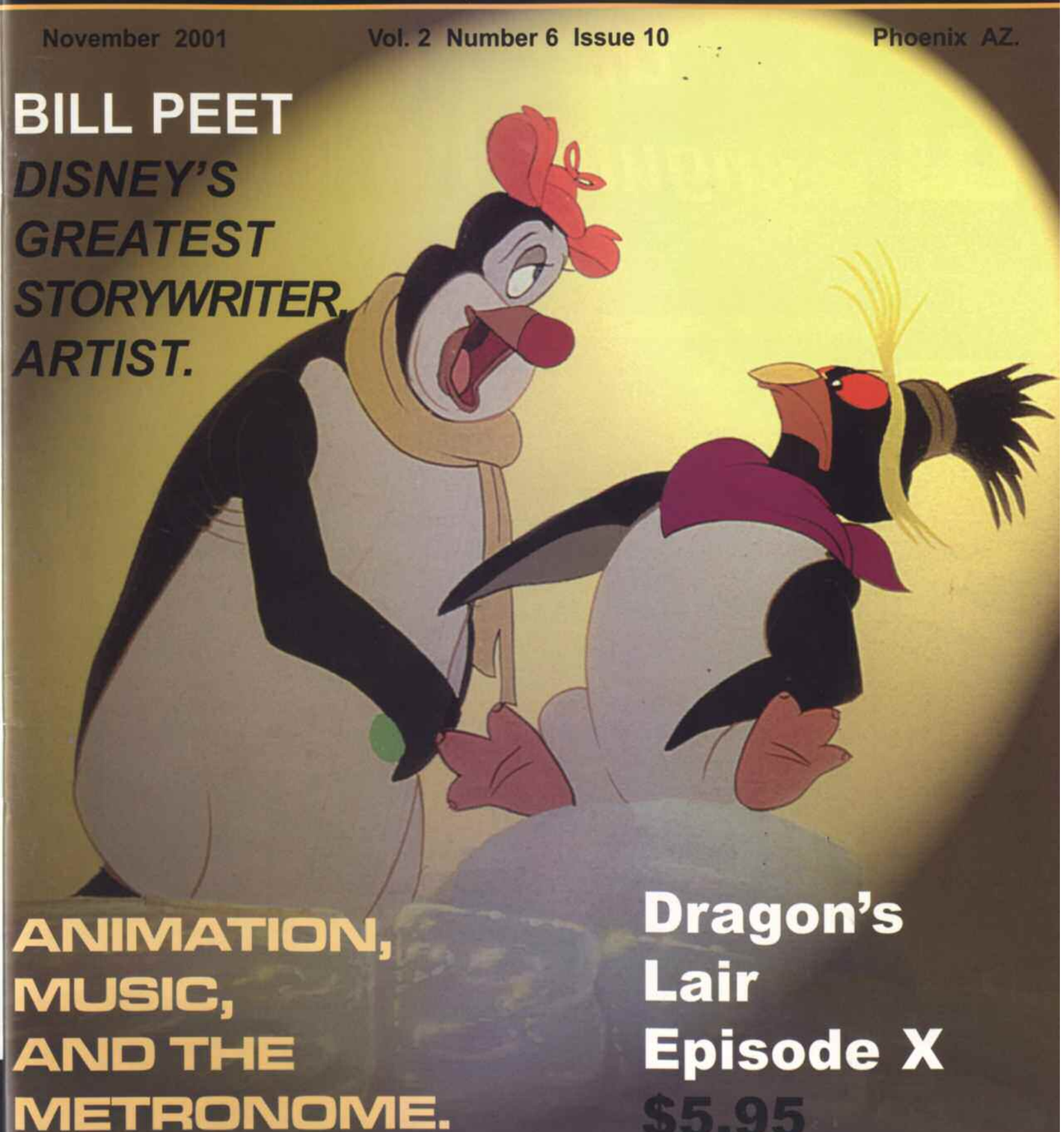


BILL PEET

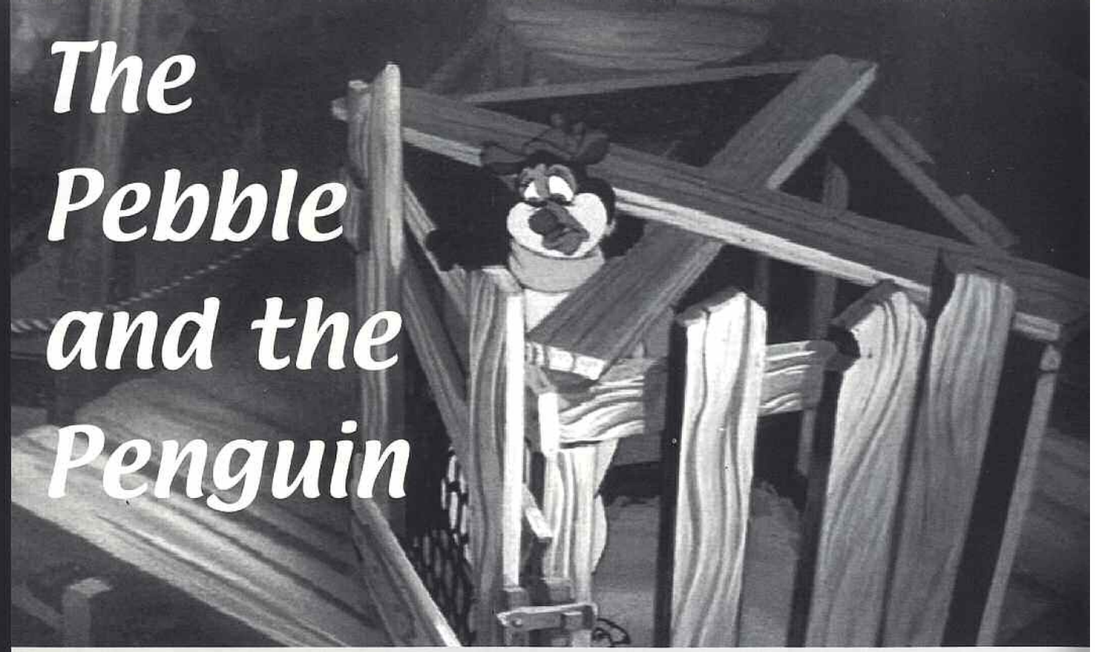
DISNEY'S GREATEST STORYWRITER, ARTIST.

ANIMATION, MUSIC, AND THE METRONOME.

Dragon's Lair Episode X

$5.95

The Pebble and the Penguin

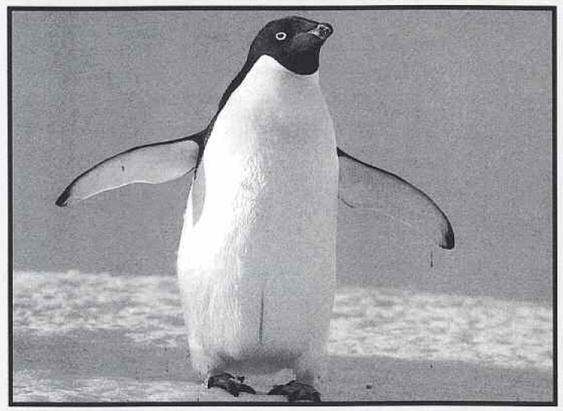


Hubie, the adelie penguin has found the perfect engagement pebble for his girlfriend.

If you pick up any book on penguins, you will be immediately attracted to their physical appeal. There are seventeen different species of penguins and they always appear like little neat and tidy designs, gathered in large colonies segregated by species. Each group is unique, with the exception of some of their habits and the fact that none can fly. How cruel, birds born with wings, but cannot fly.

There had never been an animated movie made about penguins. There were the animated short films, by Walter Lantz, starring ***Chilly Willy***, and the appearance of the penguin waiters in ***Mary Poppins***. So, we thought that this would be a lot of fun. These were good designs to animate and we would not have to deal too much with human anatomy. The idea seemed great; we jumped in with pencils, and paper flying.

Researching the penguin, we found ourselves centering on the Adelie species. One interesting habit of the Adelie, a small to medium sized penguin, is the fact that they practice courting and matrimony habits similar to humans. Adelie males court the females by offering a rock or pebble that they have carefully selected for the occasion. If the female accepts it, they are mates for life. No divorces here! However, intimidation and survival is a big concern. This mating practice became the basis for our story and the hero's journey in



The Pebble and the Penguin.

Our stuttering main character, Hubie, an Adelie penguin, would be voiced by Martin Short. Hubie is extremely insecure and is attracted to the prettiest and most intelligent female in the colony. Her name is Marina, played by Annie Golden. She is also the marital target of the largest and meanest male in the group, Drake (voiced by Tim Curry).

As with ***Thumbelina***, we elected to make the story a musical play. We worked again with Barry Manilow and Bruce Sussman. As expected, the songs were brilliant. Barry's melodies are always strong and memorable, and became the themes for the underscore. Voicing the picture this time around became more difficult. The actors needed to sing, as well as deliver their lines convincingly.

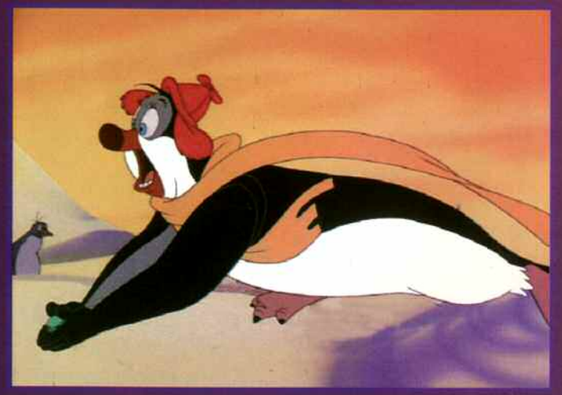
The project started with a cheer. We plotted the story with the over-sized villain, Drake, pushing Hubie over the edge of the ice flow, separating Hubie from Marina. This stops Hubie from presenting Marina, with his very special pebble. We now follow Hubie and his pebble on a journey to get back to his true love, and rescue her from the clutches of the evil villain.

Don had a great jumping off point to create strong designs for the film. After all, the penguins themselves served as a great model with their simple and unique design shapes. These elements would provide a perfect platform to create an opening

THE COLORS OF PENGUIN

Hubie tells his Arctic friends about his secret love for Marina, the fairest Adelie in the colony.

Hubie is unaware that Marina is also attracted to him, but is too shy to show her feelings.



According to Adelie custom, Hubie has found a precious stone to present to Marina but...

...his rival, Drake, threatens Hubie's life if he proceeds with his amorous intentions towards Marina.

Hubie escapes into the sea, but is soon captured by fishermen who sell lost penguins to the zoo.

While on board, he meets a boisterous Rock Hopper penguin who is planning an escape.

Still carrying his engagement pebble, Hubie escapes with Rocko hoping to return to Marina, and home.

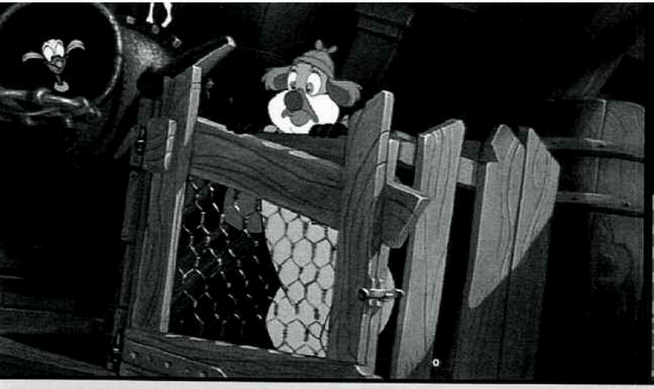
Rocko's rough exterior seems impenetrable, but Hubie becomes his buddy and protege.

Meanwhile, Drake, who is used to getting his way, tries to force Marina to join him in the rookery.

Rocko and Hubie, in all haste, are homeward bound, towed behind a luxury cruise liner.

Hubie has learned some fighting techniques from Rocko, and wins the hand of the fair Marina.

Hubie presents Marina with the engagement pebble, and they begin their new life in the colony.



Hubie is captured by fishermen and put into a cage. His life with Marina seems lost forever.

The other penguins on board try to cheer him up with their jaunty chorus.

musical number with moving designs, which would become musical notes, morphing into the films characters. Researching the seasons of the Antarctic revealed brilliant, colorful skies, and icescapes that inspired us to push vibrant colors into the design of the film.

Even with the confidence of this new film, as well as the excitement for its story and strong production design, this was to become a difficult time. As the crew pushed through the artwork to achieve their weekly footage goals, the picture got assembled at a quick pace. All three pictures, ***Troll***, ***Thumbelina*** and ***Penguin***, were in various states of completion when suddenly, our Belgian finance partners, were cut off from their investment bank. Allegations of theft and fraud were made against them and their investment company. Don Bluth Entertainment, with its three pictures, found itself in bankruptcy court, trying to protect itself, and its employees, from a very angry Belgian bank. After eleven weeks, the animation studio, and its assets, were sold by the court.

Undaunted, the crew worked through this period (without pay), to keep the films moving forward. They worked with pencil stubs and recycled animation paper. When cash flow and payroll began again, the studio was owned by a Chinese company, Media Assets, but still bore the name, Don Bluth Entertainment, on its Irish doors. We trudged on, finishing the first two pictures. ***Penguin*** had story problems. We knew it. The crew knew it. After much debate, Don cut the film, re-boarded, then edited the film again, and finally won the approval of the entire crew; a fairly tight story with a satisfying resolve at the end.

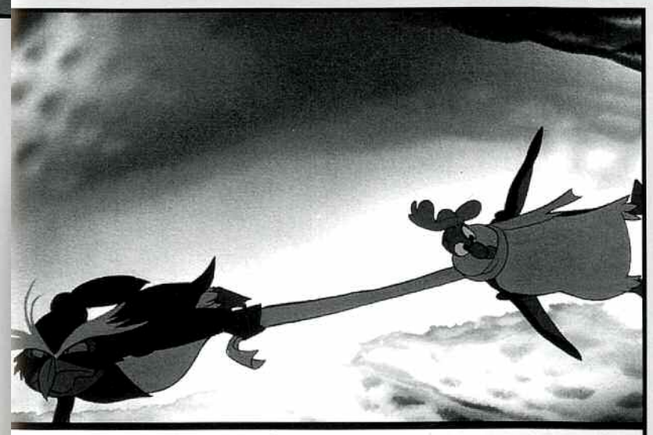
The Pebble and the Penguin was a film that takes place at sea. It called for a massive amount of hand-drawn water effects, most of which was not completed. At the same time, we were being courted by Bill Mechanic and Peter Chernin to help Fox start a new animation company back in the U.S.A. It was agreed that we would stay to finish the penguin picture. Don was to complete the storyboarding and art direction, Gary to sweatbox for final cleanup, special effects, and color approvals, plus, supervise the final sound mix.

A distribution deal was agreed with Warner Brothers for ***Troll*** and ***Thumbelina***. MGM/UA would get the distribution rights to ***Penguin***. Within the MGM/UA contract, was the distributor's right to alter the story. And, that is exactly what they proposed to do.

Calling for changes at this point of production, would seriously damage the production schedule, and most of the production values would be abandoned to meet deadlines. Scenes that required water were now stark and void of special effects

animation. Key sequences were edited, and some abandoned completely. There was no room for debate. Our hands were tied.

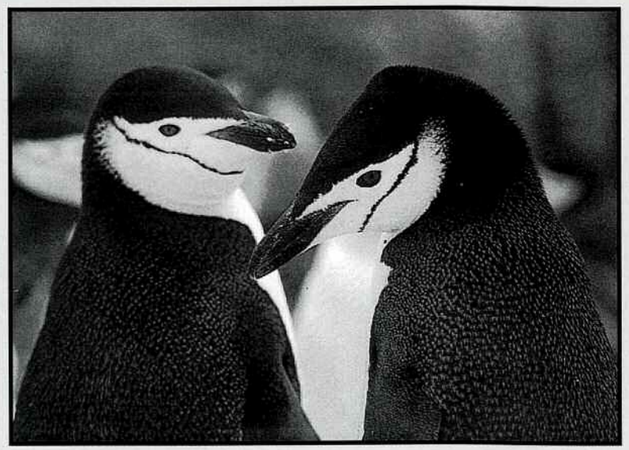
The story and the film were now compromised. Hence, neither of us stayed to complete the motion picture. There was no looking back. We heard the horror stories but there was really nothing we could do to help. MGM/UA was convinced that their changes were making the picture better.



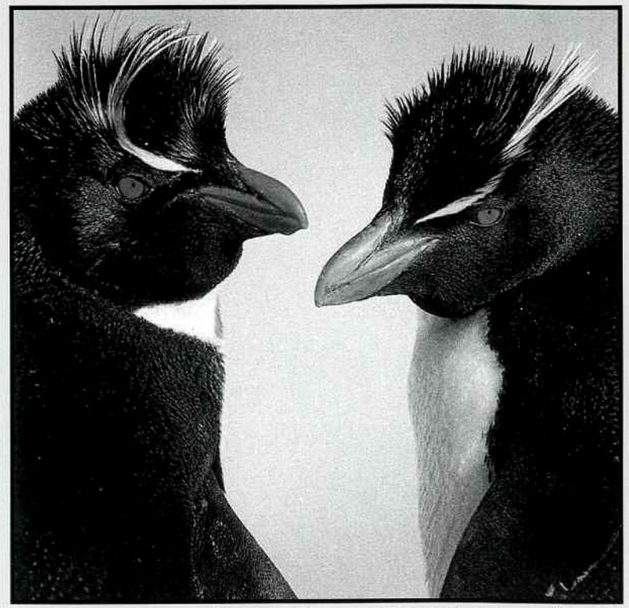
Hubie's escape is made possible by a romantic penguin named Rocko. That's where trouble begins.

Two years of planning, design and production, a bankruptcy, and loss of ownership can certainly make for a cloudy perspective. Perhaps we should have stayed and fought the battle, but we didn't own the right to do so. Additionally, Fox was promising a new perspective, with good production budgets and a strong distribution, something we had long wished for. Perhaps we would have more control over our future films, and our destiny.

Although Rocko is a Rockhopper, he dreams the impossible dream. He wants to fly.



One of the featured birds in the movie is the Chinstrape penguin, so named for obvious reasons.



Easy to recognize, the Rockhopper sports bright-yellow tufts of hair just above his eyes.

The MANUSCRIPT

Nuala is sitting alone at her desk in the classroom when Mechar enters apologizing for Willow's tardiness.

MECHAR
I fear the light of my existence is going to be late.

Nuala has stacked the drawings of her latest animation assignment, and hands them to Mechar. While unnoticed by the master animator, she pushes a small yellow box under her desk with her foot.

NUALA
I do hope he is alright! Good morning, and here's the scene.

MECHAR
He just likes to make an entrance.

Mechar FLIPS the drawings and smiles.

MECHAR
This is good, very good... But I'm not surprised...

BLAM, the door swings wide open, and Willow bursts into the room, out of breath.

WILLOW
Did someone say surprise? I've not slept a wink since Nuala, sweet thing, announced the arrival of a surprise.

Willow PLOPS himself down into his chair.

NUALA
Good morning Willow.

WILLOW
(Staring at her) Yes, well actually, in anticipation of it, my normal calm demeanor has been reduced to a frazzle, so if you don't mind...

Mechar HANDS Nuala's scene to his associate.

MECHAR
Here, check this out.

Willow hurriedly FLIPS Nuala's scene, then returns it to Mechar.

WILLOW
Brilliant! But, could we get to the point.

MECHAR
The point is Nuala's animation lesson. That is primary ! Your anticipated surprise is secondary.

Nuala REACHES under her desk and RETRIEVES the small yellow box.

NUALA
I suppose I could give it to you now.

MECHAR
No! Today's lesson first. The surprise will not upstage the discussion.

WILLOW
Of course, you are right! How unprofessional of me. Today's animation principle is number six, secondary action.

Willow STARES nervously at the yellow box on the table. Mechar THROWS a cloth over the box.

MECHAR
Willow, pay attention! Now, when we say secondary action, it implies a primary action is also taking place.

WILLOW
Absolutely! Example, example, ... ah, here's one. A twelve year old girl is drying the dishes and putting them in the cupboard while she listens to her favorite heart-throb rock star on the radio. The primary action is drying the dishes and putting them in the cupboard. The business she does while doing it, however, is secondary, and should support the primary,...

MECHAR
Good example Willow. How clever you are sometimes. It's so...

WILLOW
And...

MECHAR
And?

WILLOW
...and, the secondary actions, those little bits of supporting business, are so often where you find the real entertainment.

MECHAR
Quite so, provided my dear...

WILLOW
Provided the secondary action is always kept subordinate to the primary action.

NUALA
Oh I get it. If the girl listening to the music is too caught up in it, the scene would shift to her adulation of the rock star, and not the drying of the dish.

WILLOW
Bingo! So what if she dried the dish using the rhythm of the music?

NUALA
Yes! Right! Perfect! The business would be supportive and funny.

MECHAR
You see Nuala, every scene has a central important statement to communicate to the viewer. Be creative in the way you execute the main idea, but don't upstage yourself with irrelevant business.

WILLOW
Try this: A bully knocks an ice cream cone out of a child's hand and runs off laughing. At first the child cries, but his reaction quickly turns to anger. He jumps about angrily, his fists close, and he gets ready to fight, then runs off after his assailant. The change of expression from sadness to anger is the important point, his body movements and swinging fists could upstage the expression or, they could help it.

MECHAR
Quite so. Suppose the child put a thumb to his nose as the expression changed. That gesture (secondary action) could really heighten the intensity of the scene, and tell us he really means business.

WILLOW
One sure way to keep your secondary action from taking over is to thumbnail your scene.

NUALA
Thumbnail? Oh, you mean like an outline before you write a paragraph?

WILLOW
Yes. In thumbnail, you can analyze your primary action, how best to stage it, and build in all

WILLOW *(cont.)*
the little secondary bits of business that support it.

NUALA
How surprisingly simple!

WILLOW
Surprise...

Willow GLANCES in the direction of the yellow box on the table, beneath the cloth. His hand automatically REACHES out. Mechar SLAPS him lightly on the wrist.

MECHAR
(To Willow) No! (To Nuala) The seventh principle is timing.

Willow SCOWLS.

WILLOW
You struck me, you brute! How beastly! You had no reason to get physical.

MECHAR
Then control yourself.

WILLOW
Likewise.

MECHAR
Timing is everything. It...

WILLOW
Are you aware that you speak incessantly in...in cliches?

MECHAR
I what?

WILLOW
It's so bourgeoisie.

MECHAR
Timing, Willow, we're discussing timing... If your tongue must wag, wag it on the subject.

Poor Willow's face FLUSHES red, then he RELAXES and turns to Nuala.

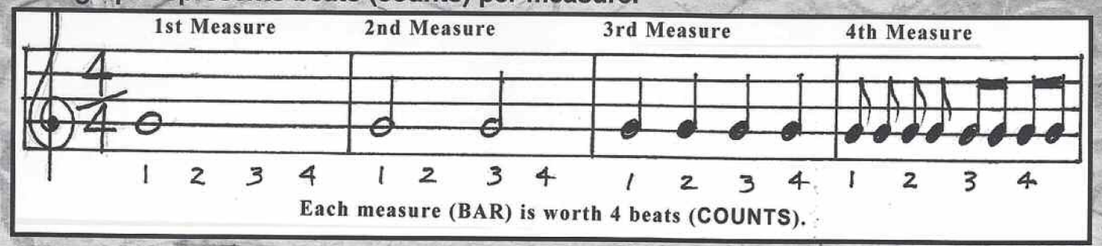
WILLOW
The number of drawings used to describe a movement determines the length of the movement on screen. The fewer the drawings, the faster the action. Conversely, the greater number of drawings, the slower the action. But, consider this. I can't think of a single action which moves at the same speed from beginning to end.

MECHAR
Actions can be compared to musical notes, which seldom play at an even rhythm. In music,

MECHAR *(cont.)*

notes are played with every conceivable variation in timing. Music is divided into bars (measures). Depending on whatever the time signature might be, each bar is assigned a number of notes. For example, in 4/4 time, each bar gets four notes, or four counts.

This graph represents beats (counts) per measure.



WILLOW

In animation, we don't measure by bars, but by seconds. Each second gets 24 frames. The varying speeds of you character's movements will be defined by how you use those 24 frames per second. A metronome is a must.

This graph represents frames (counts) per second.

1	1/3 measure	9	1/3 measure	17	1/3 measure
2		10		18	
3		11		19	
4		12		20	
5		13		21	
6		14		22	
7		15		23	
8		16		24	

MECHAR

It's also a standard tool for musicians, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK.

The old master SNAPS his fingers to the beat and BEGINS SINGING.

MECHAR

One, two, three, four. Dum, Dum, Dum, Dum. Dum-Dee, Dum-Dee, Diddily Dum.

Mechar STOPS.

MECHAR

We need our metronome.

WILLOW

You broke it, remember?

MECHAR

I did?

WILLOW

Twice.

MECHAR

Twice?!

WILLOW

In the same day. You sat on it.

MECHAR

No! I don't recall doing that.

Nuala GIGGLES, then REACHES for the yellow box.

WILLOW

Of course you don't. You were asleep.

Nuala LIFTS the lid and EXTENDS it in their direction.

NUALA

Surprise!

The two men STOP, quite startled. They STARE in disbelief.

NUALA

I know it's too practical to be a really terrific gift but...

MECHAR

Hush sweet child, it's perfect.

Mechar REACHES into the box and TAKES out a small metal device.

NUALA

There is one for each of you.

Willow TAKES his.

BOTH

(Gleefully) Metronomes. Wow!

A PUSH of a button and CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, the devices BEGIN measuring time.

WILLOW

Look here, mine is set on 60 beats. That's sixty clicks in a minute.

MECHAR

You mean one click per second, one click every 24 frames. Watch this.

Mechar GRABS an exposure sheet and a pencil.

MECHAR

I'll put an X here, and 24 frames later, another X, and so on.

WILLOW

I can beat that. Here, I'll set it on 180 clicks per minute. Now you can put an X every eighth frame, and so on...

NUALA

I see the possibilities.

WILLOW

And they're endless.

MECHAR

Yes. Now just close your eyes, see the action of your scene in your head, and count the number of clicks it takes to complete it.

WILLOW

And, if you've done thumbnails, you can now calculate how many frames each of your poses is worth on the X-sheet.

MECHAR

Nuala, you're positively spiffy.

WILLOW

Yes, and I thought you were going to surprise us with some old brownies. Heaven forbid.

Nuala COLLECTS her things to go.

NUALA

See you tomorrow. Oh and about the brownies...

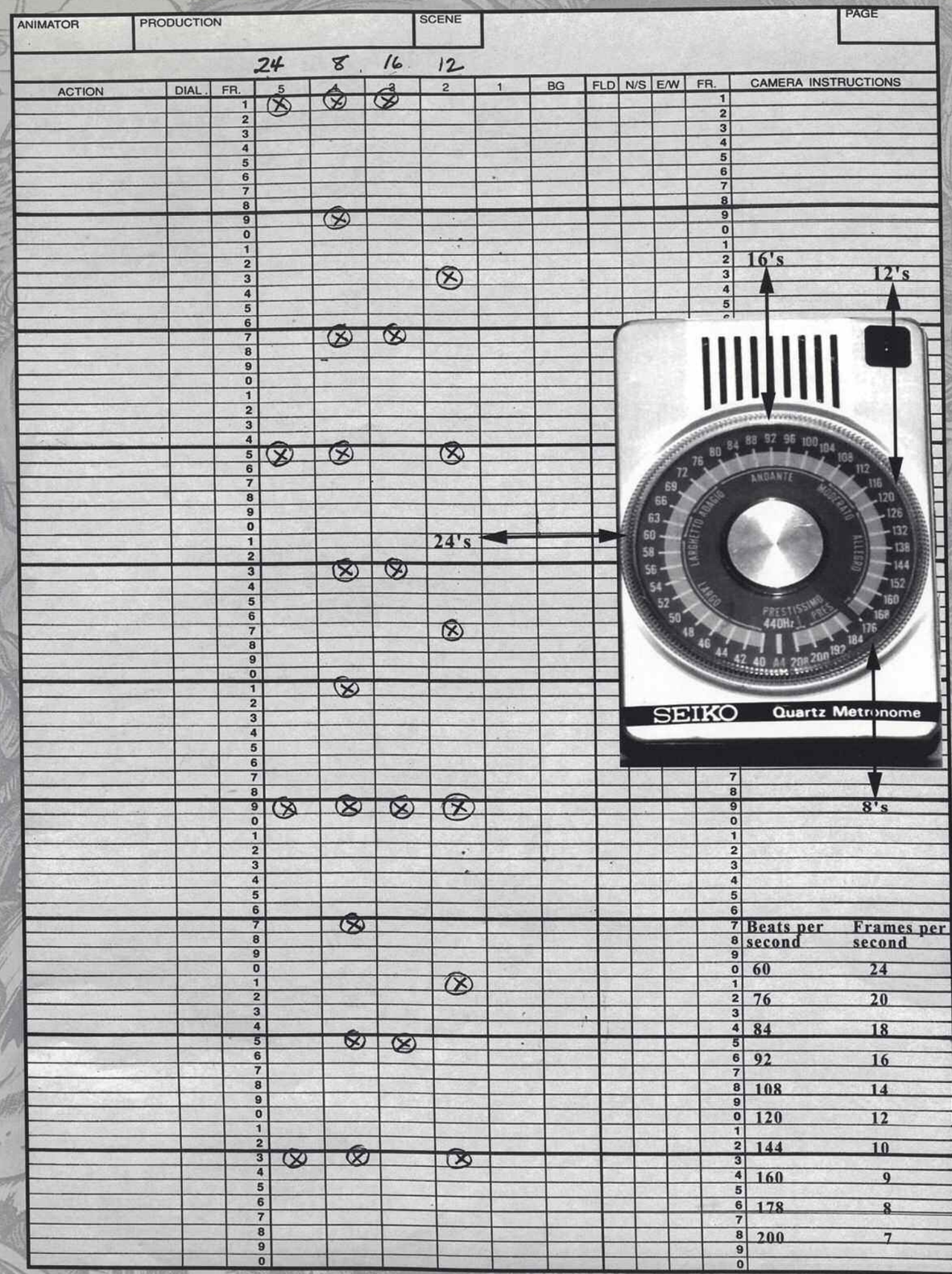
BOTH

Yes?

NUALA

They're in the bottom of the box. Bye.

She exits.



DRAGON'S LAIR

THE SNAKE CHARGES AT DIRK WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, HIS DEADLY FANGS READY AND POISED FOR THE FATAL BITE, BUT . . .

THIS IS IT. I'M FINALLY RESIGNED TO MEETING THE BIG WART-HOG IN THE SKY.

SORRY PAL, NO WAY I'M GONNA END UP IN YOUR BELLY ! !

CRUNCH

...DIRK LEAPS UPWARDS JUST AS THE REPTILE IS ABOUT TO BITE, AND . . .

YES, YES, NOW KILL IT, KILL IT ! DO IT !

DIZZY FROM THE VENOM OF HIS OWN SELF INFLICTED BITE, THE ANGRY SNAKE COMES AT DIRK WITH A SECOND MUSCLED ATTACK, BUT THE YOUTH IS SWAMP SMART. HE KNOWS SOME CLEVER MOVES OF HIS OWN TO STOP THE SNAKE.

THWAK ! HE SHOVES THE GREAT BEAST'S HEAD AGAINST A ROCK . . .

DIRK SQUEEZES THE BREATH FROM ITS NOSTRILS UNTIL . . .

THE VICE-LIKE COILS GO LIMP AND HE PASSES OUT . . . THEN . . .

. . . THE COILS RELAX BUT, . .

THE WART-HOG SCOWLS AT DIRK.

KAZAAM

SO, YOU LITTLE BRAT!!

DIRK TURNS TO THE WART-HOG

BUT SEES IN ITS PLACE, THE VIKING WARRIOR, HILDY.

YOU WERE GOING TO SIMPLY WALK AWAY WERE YOU?!

OH NO, IT'S THE LARD TUB AGAIN

YOU HEARTLESS SCOUNDREL. THAT MAKES HILDY REALLY MAD!!

STAND BACK!

NO, NO, STOP, NO... HILDY, WAS IT? LET ME EXPLAIN, I, I...

NEVER MIND THE LOWLY LITTLE WART HOG. WHAT'S SHE TO YOU?!!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. IT'S LIKE THIS. I'M OUT HERE TO RESCUE A PRINCESS. AND, AND...

QUIET!! I'D CUT YOUR HEART OUT IF I THOUGHT YOU HAD ONE.

OF COURSE I HAVE A HEART. I DO CARE.

BETTER THAT YOU FEEL COMPASSION FOR ALL CREATURES...

ESPECIALLY HUNGRY CREATURESSSS...

GET LOST BUSTER!!

FWAP

NOT JUST PRINCESS... WHAT'S HER NAME?

PRINCESS DAPHNE.

DAPHNE IS IT? THE ONE THAT'S BETROTHED TO CEDRIC?

FWAP ! HILDY HITS A STICK WITH HER SWORD.

SHE'S IN THERE.

CEDRIC ?

THE MARSHES OF MUCK

IN THE MARSHES OF MUCK.

IN THERE ?

JUST AS I SUSPECTED !

YOU'RE A COWARD TO BOOT, GET

READY FOR A GOOD BRAIN BASHING ! !

HERE, PUT THIS ON !

THAT ?! NO WAY !

THERE'S A WAY, BUT THIS IS A BAD FIT !

SO... A SMALL ADJUSTMENT

AND, IT FITS PERFECTLY.

I HATE IT.

YOU CAN THANK ME LATER...

...AFTER YOU RESCUE YOUR PRINCESS.

DIRK DASHES OFF.

STOP, STOP, STOP!

THE MARSHES OF MUCK

NOW WHAT?

HAVEN'T YOU FORGOTTEN SOMETHING?

HILDY TOSSES DIRK HER SWORD.

MAYBE PRINCESS DAPHNE SHOULD RESCUE YOU !

I'M NOT AFRAID !

YEAH RIGHT. ALWAYS REMEMBER: IF YOU HAVE TO SWALLOW A TOAD, DON'T LOOK AT IT TOO LONG.

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE GROUND BENEATH DIRK'S FEET SHIFTS AS IF IT WERE ALIVE, AND THE SLUDGE PULLS HIM INTO THE SWAMP'S, DARK VOID.

MEANWHILE IN THE SWAMPS OF PERDITION, A TIMBER RATTLING YELL FROM THE COTTAGE, SENDS THE FURRY SWAMP CREATURES, SCAMPERING FOR COVER.

AAAUUUNNBELIEVABLE !!

FOR SIXTEEN YEARS, I WASH THEM, FEED THEM,

PUT A ROOF OVER THEIR HEADS,..AND,

EVEN KEEP THEM SAFE !

THEN, SUDDENLY, ITS CHAU POP. TA TA...

SEE YOU AROUND.

WELL, I...(GRUNT) WON'T STAND FOR IT.

WHO AM I KIDDING...

I'M A TERRIBLE FATHER. THE WORST...I'M, (SOB) A,A FAILURE...A, (SOB)

fwump

NO, NO I'M NOT ! I'M A TERRIFIC FATHER WHO...

WHO NEEDS SOME HELP.

I'LL GO TO THE CITY !

THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO...

WHAT AM I SAYING ... WHAT IF...

...IF THE GUILD IS STILL ANGRY.

I CAN'T THINK ABOUT THIS...

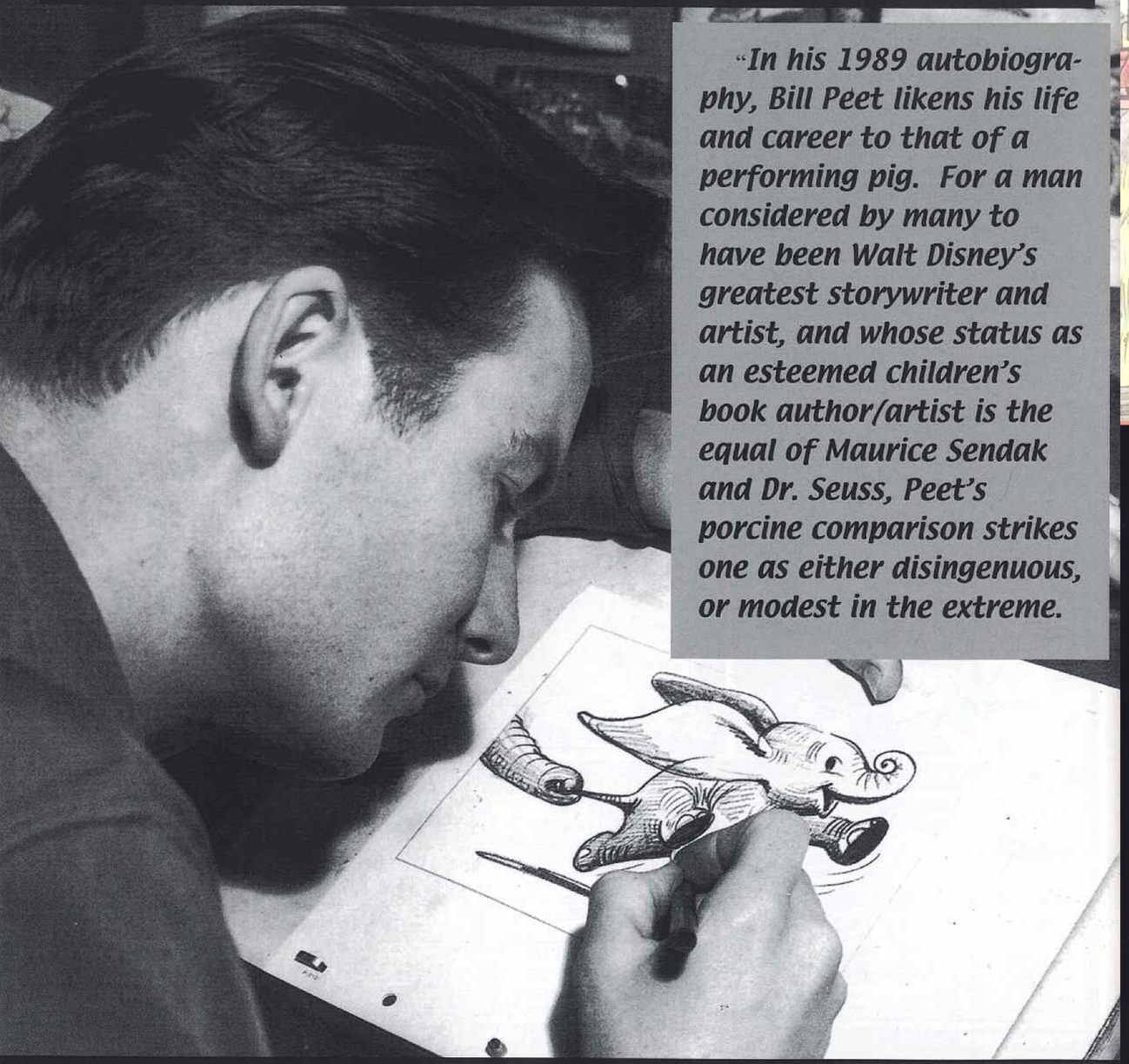
TOO RISKY !

ON THE OTHER HAND, I'M THEIR FATHER, I'M SUPPOSED TO CARE.WHAT AM I SAYING? I DO CARE, PERHAPS TOO MUCH.

DON'T BE STUPID SEBASTIAN. THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS TOO MUCH. AH TO HECK WITH IT. I'VE GOT TO DO THIS. I'M OFF TO THE CITY.

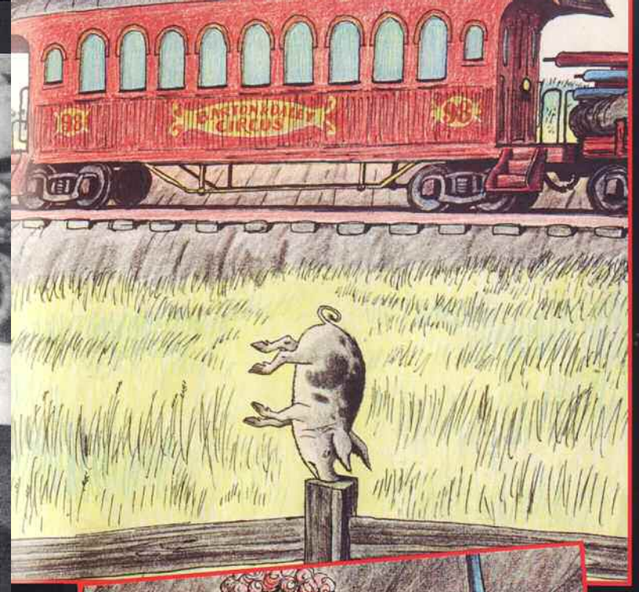
TO BE CONTINUED

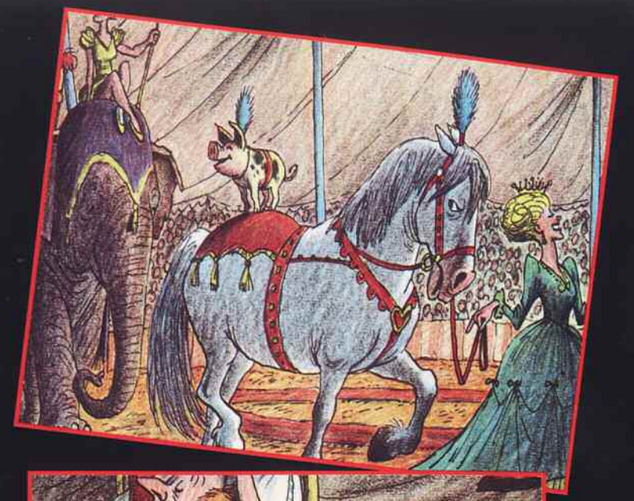
WIZARDS OF THE BIZ

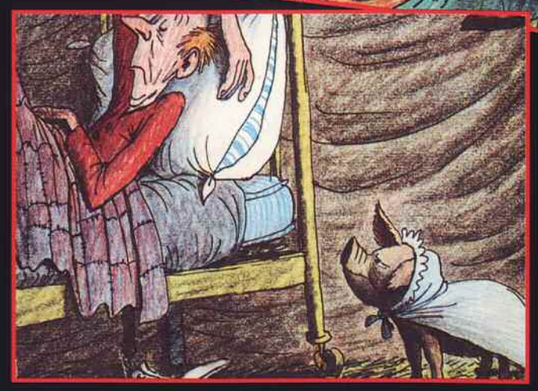


"In his 1989 autobiography, Bill Peet likens his life and career to that of a performing pig. For a man considered by many to have been Walt Disney's greatest storywriter and artist, and whose status as an esteemed children's book author/artist is the equal of Maurice Sendak and Dr. Seuss, Peet's porcine comparison strikes one as either disingenuous, or modest in the extreme.

"BILL PEET, Walt Disney's Greatest Story Writer, and Artist..."







But Peet was (and is) not prone to modesty in assessing his worth as a creative person. His healthy ego was more than a match for Walt's own; indeed, their nearly three-decade-long love/hate relationship, plus Peet's battles with animators, directors, and fellow storymen, is the stuff of Disney Studio legend.

No, Peet was serious when he compared himself to Chester, the subject of ***Chester the Worldly Pig***, the seventh of the thirty-six popular children's books Peet has written and illustrated since 1959. Chester, according to Peet, 'is the one book of mine that reflects my past more than any others.'

Peet compares Chester's unhappy beginning in the pigpen 'to my poor beginning in Indianapolis.' He goes on to liken Chester's balancing on his snout on a fence post to attract the attention of people on the passing circus train to his own 'temporary success as a painter.' Chester's escape from the pigpen and his run down the railroad tracks to join the circus is compared to Peet's 'trip out west to Walt Disney's big top' during the Depression. The bewildered Pig performance within a cage full of tigers reminds Peet of his first years in Disney's Story Department 'where I was squelched by the fiercely competitive story men and realized my chances of success were slim and it was more a matter of survival.'

Walt is depicted as Roscoe the Clown, 'the master showman,' who dresses Chester in baby clothes and wheels him around the big top in a baby buggy. 'Even though I am excited about being part of Walt's act and I am getting a million laughs,' wrote Peet of his years at the studio from 1938 to 1964, 'my awkward position becomes unbearable and I leave the Disney big top in a huff.' Once free, Chester grows up and grows large enough so that the spots on his side 'can easily be recognized as maps of all the continents of the world.' A passing carnival man discovers the unusual spots on Chester and stars him in a show as the main attraction: 'The One and Only Worldly Pig!' Peet compares the attention Chester receives to the praise his books have garnered the world over. 'Those markings were on the pig from the very beginning just as my ambition to illustrate books was always there. But I never considered writing them, so I had grown far beyond my expectations.'

John Canemaker

Bill Peet was born January 29, 1915 in Grandview Indiana, his original surname was "Peed," which he legally changed in 1945 'because I didn't want my kids to go through the hell I did.' Jokes about his names and urination were a constant torture during childhood, and reached an unbearable peak years later when a Disney receptionist paged him over an intercom. Her repetitive calls for "Bill Reed," alternated with bursts of derisive laughter, reverberated on loud speakers throughout the studio." ***John Canemaker***.

Leaving Indiana and his sweetheart Margaret behind, Bill arrived at Disney Studio September 9, 1937 with high hopes of channeling his natural artistic skills into the burgeoning new business of animation, Margaret joined him a few months later. Originally, Bill wanted to be a background painter but was offered a job instead as an in-between artist on ***Snow White***, a robotish job well beneath his formidable artistic skills, but it was work, and he and Margaret married. About a year later, his frustration caught up to his temper and erupted. Although his co-workers expected him to be fired, he was given another chance as a story artist on ***Pinocchio***, but he was little more than an assistant to artists of lesser ilk. "*Peet first observed Walt in action at a* ***Pinocchio*** *story conference in which a bevy of directors, assistant directors, layout artists, and musicians watched nervous storymen present the first version of the film. Over seventy storyboards containing hundreds of sketches took two days to get through. As the conference continued through the morning, the jovial Walt who greeted us earlier was getting more cantankerous by the minute," wrote Peet.*

" 'There's too much stuff here,' he kept complaining. Now and then he would step up to a board and rip off a whole row of sketches." Peet also saw Walt's quicksilver mood swings: One moment gruff and bearish, the next, all smiles as he bounded to his feet to offer a sparkling, playful interpretation of the characters, 'overacting the part to perfection,' said Peet." ***John Canemaker.***

Finally, after the frustrating days of ***Pinocchio*** and ***Fantasia***, which he hated, Bill landed a choice assignment on ***Dumbo***, with whole chunks of the story to develop on his own.

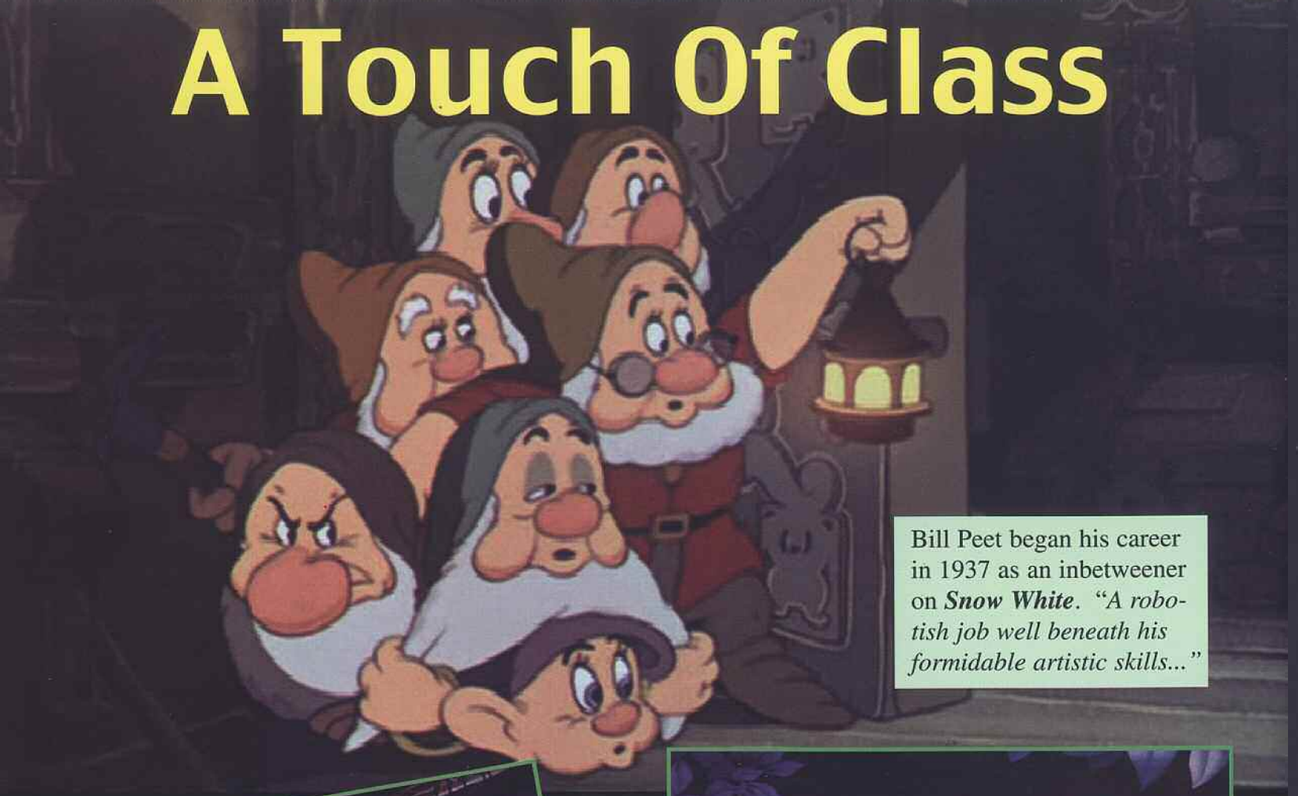
Canemaker writes, *"Pete said his year and a half on the film was 'a happy time, especially since our first son, Bill, was born' and the baby was 'a definite influence in the way I drew the baby elephant.' Walt, at last became aware of Peet and was 'enthusiastic' about his work."*

As the years passed, the Walt/Bill relationship grew into a love/hate dynamic. Ward Kimball, a brilliant animator and director himself, put it this way: "I believe Walt was envious of Peet's drawing ability. Look at Bill's sketches. As rough as some of them are, they're perfect! The pose and everything else." Ward also suggests the reason the two men fought a lot is because they were of the same mind.

During the war, Walt turned his attention to a pet project called ***Victory Through Air Power***. It was on this film that Bill solidified the bosses opinion of his abilities, but the big triumph that convinced the whole studio that Bill had the best story chops in Burbank, maybe even the whole world, was his work on ***Song of the South***. He began to publish his own children's stories outside the studio with much success, and on the lot, the two men continued to argue until… *"Walt entrusted Peet with adapting* ***101 Dalmatians*** *from a novel by Dodie Smith, writing a script (a first for Disney animated features), drawing all the storyboards, and even casting and recording the voices for all the characters. All this, Peet did by himself with superb skill."* ***John Canemaker.***

Later, Peet wrote and directed ***The Sword in the Stone***. Peet patterned Merlin the sorcerer on Walt. Says Bill, "I gave him Walt's nose and character…He's cantankerous, argumentative. He can't be wrong." At the end of the day, Walt's respect for Bill's talent continued to grow says Canemaker: *"Walt, preoccupied with live action projects, television programs, and theme parks, and unhappy with* ***Sleeping Beauty's*** *story work, realized the animated features needed a strong story presence in his absence. Although he never said so in words, his deeds make it obvious that he saw Peet as his equal in the special area."*

A Touch Of Class



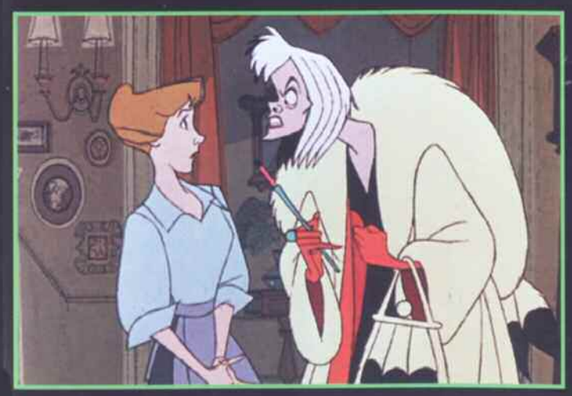
Bill Peet began his career in 1937 as an inbetweener on ***Snow White***. *"A robotish job well beneath his formidable artistic skills..."*

Bill worked as an assistant storyboard artist on ***Pinocchio*** and ***Fantasia***.

On ***Dumbo***, he finally expressed his own story ideas. Walt took notice of his talent.

In ***Cinderella***, Pete's genius for character is revealed in the antics of Cinderella's friends, the mice.

For reasons unknown, Bill's story contributions on ***Peter Pan*** were made as an assistant to T. Hee. His experience was both frustrating and disappointing.



Walt entrusted Peet with adapting ***101 Dalmations*** from a novel by Dodie Smith, writing the script, drawing all the boards, casting and recording the voices for all the characters. Walt was busy building Disneyland at the time.

In ***Alice***, his fingerprints are obvious on the tea party sequence, and the Walrus and the Carpenter sequence, as told by Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum.

During the making of Sleeping Beauty, Walt's and Bill's personalities collided. Walt ordered changes made on Bill's boards: Bill refused to make them.

It was Bill's choice to make ***Sword and the Stone,*** a production wherein he caricatured Walt as Merlin.

editor's scoop

Dublin, Ireland 1986, a confident Dan Molina prepares the effects reels for final dub on ***The Land Before Time.***

ENCORE

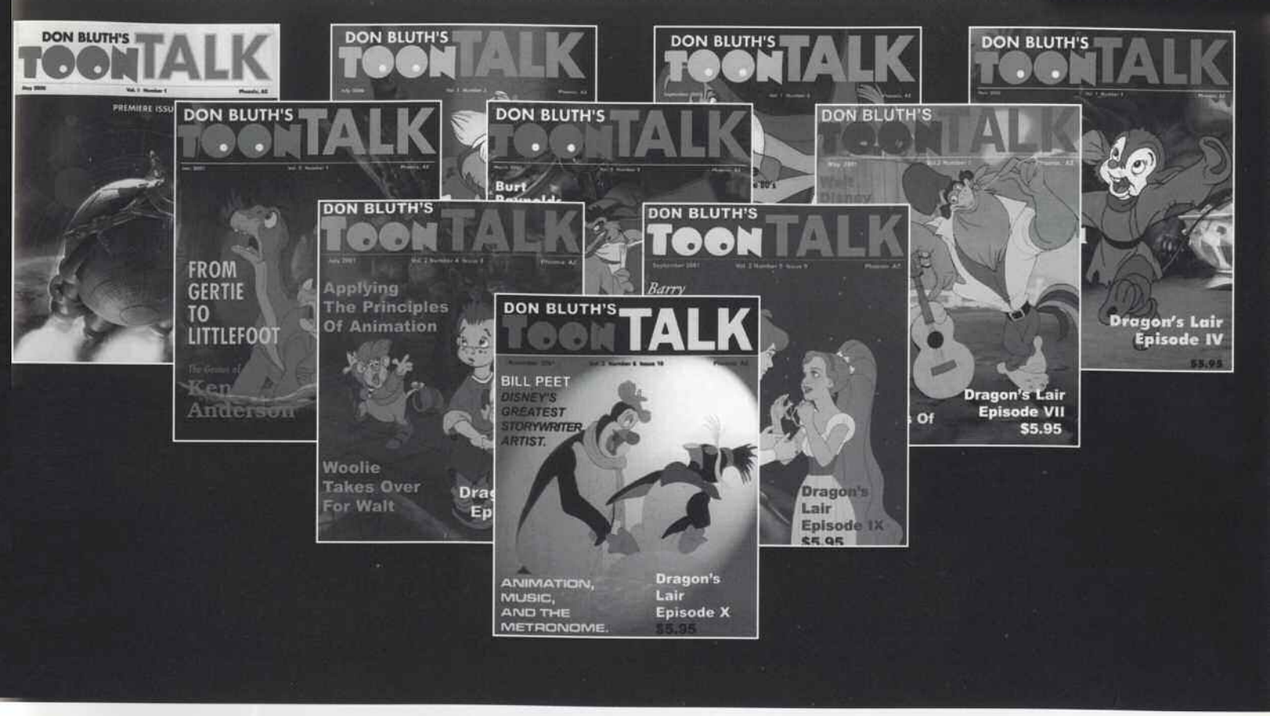
In 1983, when ***The Secret of Nimh*** debuted to less than the anticipated box office numbers, the studio became discouraged. It was like throwing a party and no one showing up. But, there was at least one man who saw it and thought to himself, "wouldn't it be nice if I could get Don and Gary to animate Dirk, the knight, with the same feature quality as ***Nimh,*** even if it were only intended for the small arcade screens. Buzzing with youthful enthusiasm, the man, Rick Dyer left his shop in San Diego, and headed for L.A. and Don Bluth Productions to pitch his concept. They tell me that it was a strange meeting that day, filled with an assumed pretense of success, while the specter of desperation had been stalking the studio halls for weeks. Fortunately, Rick Dyer's idea turned out to be a winner, but the allocated budget was low. When money is scarce, creativity has to make up for the deficiency. The fun of it is always **how**.

Have you ever wondered why Dirk didn't speak? He could only express himself with grunts, groans, and yaks, but never a word of dialogue. Well, this is the true story! The studio couldn't afford to hire an actor. Dan Molina, who was the films editor at the time, must have tired of waiting for Don and Gary to solve the problem, so he recorded his own voice temporarily and cut it into the reels. Still stuck with the dilemma of no voice for Princess Daphne, who by the way had some spoken lines, Dan started searching amongst the crew. Vera Lanpher, an excellent key clean up artist had just married Dorse Lanpher, head of the effects department, a most eligible bachelor, and she had taken to emitting amorous squeaks and giggles of this most distracting nature by which she was coaxing Dorse slowly, but surely towards a delayed honeymoon. Dan Molina caught segments of the flirtation on tape and got her permission to use it.

But, all this happened so many years ago. What I find strangely absurd now is this. Recently, a new 3D ***Dragon's Lair*** game has gone into production. A segment of it was previewed in Las Vegas at the Classic Game Show. An audience of about 300 people saw it and cheered. They liked it except for one glaring flaw. The voices of Daphne and Dirk were not right. Can you believe it? Anyway, both Dan and Vera, have agreed to re-approach the microphone to encore their classic roles.

Dublin, Ireland 1986, Vera Lanpher puts the finishing touches on her clean-up drawings for ***The Land Before Time..***

New Footage:
Look for a full one minute of new 2D animation book-ending the 3D Dragon's Lair Game to be released early 2002.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Not so long ago, Don Bluth's ToonTalk Inc., sent everybody that subscribed to the magazine a letter indicating that it would cease all publication after the sixth issue. After careful thought however, the majority of our team believed that we could keep on producing ToonTalk, while at the same time, continue pre-production work on another project. As can be expected, quality is a major factor in our office when producing ToonTalk magazine. With that in mind, it is with great sadness that we again inform you that ToonTalk magazine will cease all publication after issue 10 due to the overwhelming time constraints on our employees. Indeed, meticulous planning and strict focus must be maintained to create an animated motion picture. Consequently, everybody at ToonTalk believes it would be more prudent if our team concentrated on the tasks at hand. It is true that many of our subscribers are still owed future issues of ToonTalk magazine, so we will endeavor to adjust these accounts and make available funds to cover the balance.

Publisher Don Bluth

Editor & Layout Design
Dave Monahan

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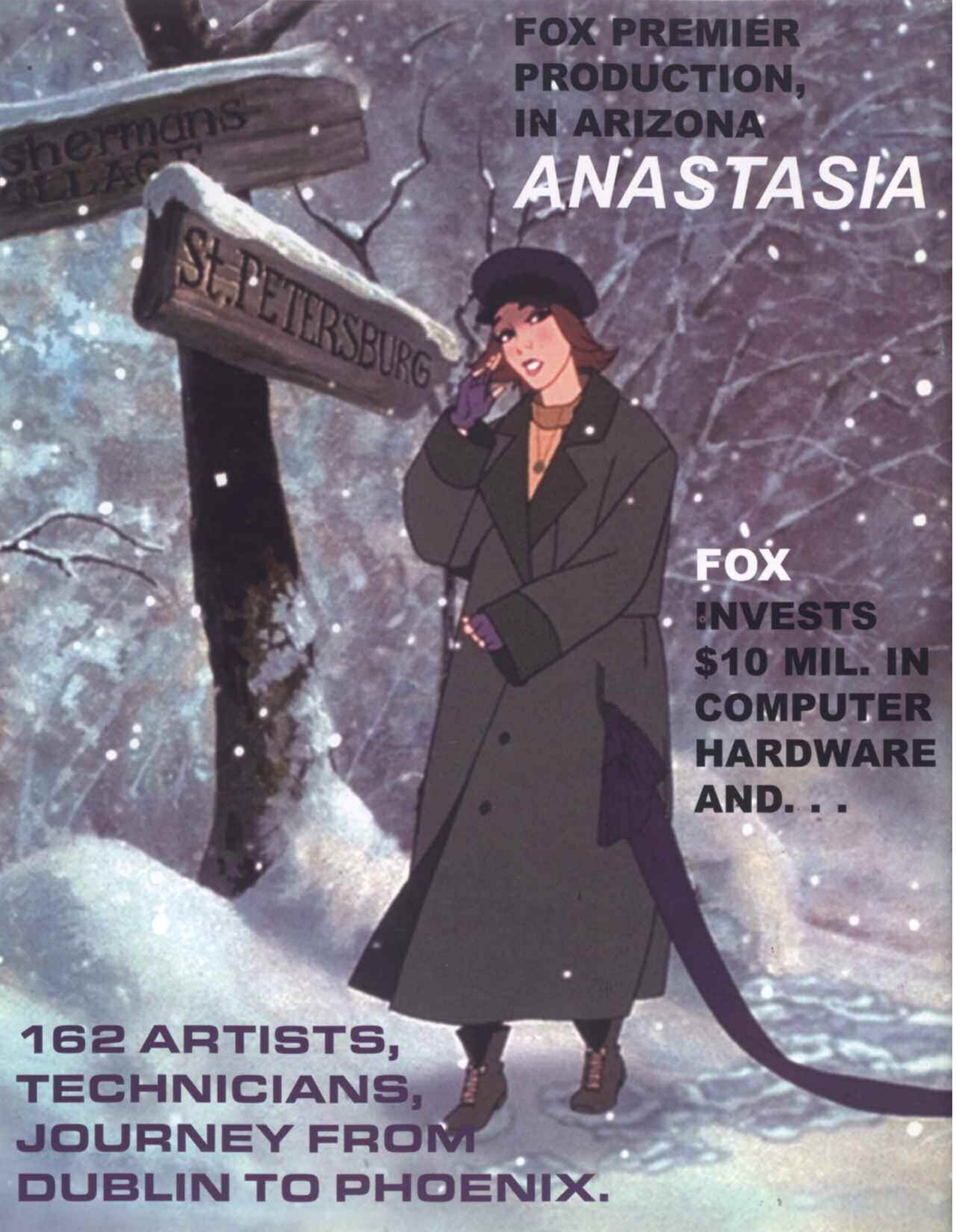
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